THE BY-WAYS OF HONOLULU.

The many crooked foot-paths that intersect this district (which, by the way, should be called "Puukolo" instead of "Kikihale") rarely exceed three feet in width; and being generally enclosed between high board fences, one traverses them with the feeling that in case a fire should break out here it would be almost impossible to lead a hose to where water was needed. Diving into any one of these obscure inlets, the first thought is that there is no thoroughfare, for a few feet in advance stands a blank barrier of boards. Keeping on, however, the path is discovered darting off to the right or left for a short distance, and then forming another angle, and so on until the visitors progress throughout the block resembles that of a knight on a chess-board

Out of the flat top of an old ship's "gally" or cook's caboose, anchored one side of an alley-way, rises the massive trunk of a large tree suggestive of a main mast, the likeness being helped not a little by ends of rope dangling from the branches. Fastened to the front of the caboose is one of the name boards of the ship Niagara. A stout, black funnel belches forth a goodly volume of smoke, more of which, mingled with the fumes of frying fish, finds its way into the alley through two or three little sheltered openings in the side of the cook-house. Relics of wrecks abound in this neighborhood; knees and beams of vessels brace and prop up dilapidated buildings, and just below Niagara, when the puzzled explorer has lost all his bearings and is thinking what may be the signal for a pilot, he suddenly emerges upon the beach opposite an arched board bearing the legend "Martha Rideout Port Townsend," and finds himself on familiar ground again. Martha may have sailed away, leaving nothing but a cast-off name behind (as many have done from these shores), or it may be that some of the old oak planking, jagged with square-headed nails, that are incorporated into walks, huts and fencing hereabouts may have once formed part of her frame.

In an impromptu ship-yard into which the next walk opens, a couple of natives are fitting new gunwales to a canoe, and it is in keeping with the hybrid nature of their surroundings that they should be trying to prolong the life of the decrepit body of *koa* (out of a log of which purely Hawaiian wood the hull of the canoe has been hewn, by joining to it sundry pieces of "Nor'west,', and "Redwood" lumber from the Coast. The result will undoubtedly be a failure — as incongruous matches usually are—but 'tis a matter of indifference to them. It answers the builder's present needs, and that is quite sufficient for them.

Christianity, or at least its outward and visible sign, a church, has planted itself in the very centre of the district. A modest, clean-looking little building, finished with a pointed belfry, occupies a cleared plot, and on Sundays draws to itself quite a congregation. Besides the religious influence exerted by its presence, its cleanly appearance has inspired the immediate neighbors, and so they have, here and there, whitewashed the outside of their houses and fences.

There is an ancient dwelling standing upon a reef of ragged rocks that looks so weather-worn and out-at-elbows as to excite the pity of those who respect old dwellings for the shelter and comfort they have given to human beings. Its crazy old frame is exposed in many places where the outer covering has been torn off. Its door-frames are all awry, and the dust of years has poured into the house, and reduced it to a dull dead-brown. Through a mis shapen opening on one side, where a door once gave access to the basement, can be seen the beaks of a couple of ancient canoes laid up "in ordinary." In and about them a group of children are playing, unmindful of the dirt and cobwebs. With the happy faculty (that belongs to childhood alone) of transforming their surroundings into whatever their momentary fancies suggest, they have gathered together odds and ends of rubbish and are as happy as can be. All but one urchin who, while lowering himself down from a canoe has hooked his bit of a shirt over a projecting stick, and is now struggling on tip-toe to release himself. His whimperings do not attract the attention of his playmates, and so, unless the garment gives away he will probably remain where he is until his howls bring his mother to his relief. She, meanwhile, is lying on a mat spread under a large monkey pod tree, with her head covered by the corner of a blanket, enjoying one of those brief naps so dear to the native.

An old, old woman is feebly tending a bit of fire built in a cut down kerosene can, in which, a sooty iron tea kettle is heating. Near her are a few scraps of dried fish, and an ancient native is picking off the stones from an *imu*, or oven in which a few taro bulbs have been roasted.

To eat whenever food is to be had, to sleep when it is not, these two occupations fill up many hours of the day and night. Very many of the heads of families, are on vessels engaged in the inter-island trade, and in consequence are with their families about once a week only. There cannot be any very strong "home" feelings nourished where the head of the household is absent the greater part of the time.

Cannibalism in the Arctic.

The sensation of the day in New York four weeks ago was the awful story of cannibalism among the survivors of the Greely Arctic Expedition. Thousands of men and women visited the navy yard, hoping to learn for themselves the truth or falsity of the heart-sickening story. The Arctic vessels rose and fell lazily with the tide, the decks filled with seamen and marines, who idly watched the curious crowd. On board the Thetis every man determined to keep his mouth shut. Commander Schley hid away in his cabin and pompously refused to see the people who called. About the huge iron tank in which the dead bodies were so long concealed a little knot of sailors had gathered. They were more communicative than their superiors, but few of them knew anything of importance. All had seen the bodies of the dead, but only after blankets had been wrapped around them. The bodies lay on board the Thetis for ten days before they were put in the alcohol tank. Every sailor on board was questioned about the bodies

A German was pointed out as a sailor who accompanied the Thetis. His name was Ruggessen. He told the story of the finding of the bodies in a simple, straightforward way, that carried conviction with it. The conversation had drifted from the hardships of life in the Polar regions to the hardships sustained by Greely's men, and thus led up to the finding of the bodies at Cape Sabine. The sailor said: "It was Second-Lieutenant Colville who stood over me as I dug up the bodies. He and one other officer and myself were the only ones who left the boat to go to the graves. You know how we found the live men lying under a sheet of cold canvas, too weak to lift up the flaps. They could only crawl on their hands and knees. Well, I didn't see them for some time after they were taken on board, and can't tell much about them; but I know something about the bodies. As I was saying, the boat's crew took us up close to a little hill where the bodies lay, and we three went up to get them.

"I had my shovel with me, but the first thing I saw was a naked corpse lying right out on the ground. On the calf of the leg and on the thigh there were deep cuts, as though a sailor's sheath-knife had carved away the flesh. The skin was tightly drawn over the rest of the body, and even in the place where the cuts were, not much flesh had been taken away. The man was too much wasted to yield more than half an inch of flesh on any part of his body. The cuts looked as though some person had made a hasty slash with the knife in what was once the fleshy part of the leg. The slashes were about eight inches long and three inches wide. They were on both legs and thighs —four cuts in all. Altogether there could not have been more than two or three pounds of meat taken from the corpse. The places where the flesh was torn away had turned a yellowish black, but did not differ very much from the color of the skin. The man's face was drawn and haggard. The cheek-bones stood out like an Indian's, and the abdomen had fallen in. It was the awfulest corpse I ever saw, or want to see, I can tell you. We three stood there, looking at it for some time. Of course it wasn't my place to say anything and I kept my mouth shut. Lieutenant Colville was the first to say a word. He sent me back for some blankets, so I dropped my shovel and hurried away. When I got back with the blankets there were two other naked bodies lying side by side with the mutilated body. I began to think that my shovel would not be needed."

"Had the three corpses never been buried?"

"Buried? No. They had been stripped of their clothes as soon as they died and left naked on the ground. Some of the flesh had been torn away from the arms and shoulders. The cuts were rough and jagged, as it made at night and at a time when the cannibal had to trust to his sense of feeling. Long shreds were stripped from the legs in irregular strips, suggesting the thought that the knife had been plunged in and then the fingers had torn away what remained of the flesh. It was awful. We wrapped what remained of the corpses in a blanket and went on a few steps where we found the graves. With the shovel I scraped off a thin layer of sand and brought to light the remains of the other nine men. These had been buried in their clothes, just as they died. A bag covered each one, and by the names written on these we learned who they were. They were taken to the ships, wrapped in other blankets, and finally preserved in alcohol."

This sailor said he did not know whether these bodies had been mutilated, and knew nothing of the four that had drifted out to sea.

THE TANK ON THE THETIS.

The iron tank on the Thetis, in which six of the corpses were preserved, is about five feet five inches high and four feet broad. The bodies of three average-sized men would fill it completely. "But even after we had put in the remains of six, wrapped in cloths," said the sailor, "there was plenty of room left. None of men had helped to place the bodies in alcohol,"

Down in the hold was a sailor who had talked with the survivors. He was close-mouthed and would tell very little of their sufferings. But he seemed to have gained the confidence of one of the unfortunates while nursing him.

THE SHOOTING OF PRIVATE HENRY.

The account of the shooting of young Charles B. Henry, a printer, who was buried a week ago at Cyprus Hill, was briefly this: When the game grew very scarce, early last June, Greely called the men together and with them took stock of the food on hand. There were only a few days' rations on hand, and these were equally divided. In the division Henry made a grab for more than his share. This was passed over, but the next night he was caught stealing food. A council was called to act on the case. They were desperate men. They felt that their lives lay in protecting their rations. It was necessary to make an example, and besides, with one man out of the way, there would be one less mouth to fill. With one voice the poor fellow was condemned to die. He was shot in the head and breast. It was claimed that when the body was found the head was missing. The coffin buried a week ago at Cypress Hill contained only a headless trunk.

It is said that most of the men who went with the expedition were under arrest earlier in the winter for the same offense which cost poor Henry his life.

English and Arab Horses.

Abbas Pasha somehere about 1863 sent a challenge to the Jockey Club to run any number of English race horses against his Arabs for any sum not less than £10,000. The Jockey Club owns no horses, but is in effect a little autocracy for settling the rules of racing generally, which exercises absolute control over the races run on Newmarket Heath, and fixes the weights and conditions of certain matches and handicaps run there. The challenge was therefore necessarily declined, and it was understood that the Pasha would not make a match with any private individual; at any rate, nothing came of it. Halleem Pasha, the foolish boy who inherited Abbas Pasha's unequalled stud of Arabs—a stud which had cost his father nearly a million sterling to collect and breed—did condescend to make a match with some Cairo merchants to run eight miles for £400 a side. The Cairo merchants sent to England and purchased Fair Nell, an Irish mare without a pedigree, from Mr. Edmund Tattersall, who had used her as a park and covert hack. The race came off within two weeks of her landing in Egypt; and in the eight miles she beat the Pasha's best Arab over a rough, stony ground by a full mile, doing the distance in 18¼ minutes, and pulling up fresh. In fact, Fair Nell won so easily that it was found impossible to make another match.—*The Book of the Horse*.

AUTOMATA.

A Collection Designed for the Emperor of China.

In mechanical curiosities there have been many wonderful exhibits in the present day. The piping goldfinch in the great exhibition of 1862 drew crowds to it, but we remember during the sale of Mr. Weeks' mechanical exhibition, half a century ago, a similar graceful little warbler, and we saw two other mechanical songsters which the French troops brought back as a part of the spoils from the Emperor's summer palace at Peking. We regret that we missed the machine for making Latin verses, which was exhibited in our day at the Egyptian Hall—a real blessing to schoolboys; nor have we seen the squalling baby which a modern man of science constructed—surely a bringing of coals to Newcastle; but we remember well, about the year 1833, seeing a very wonderful collection of automata which had been originally designed as presents to the Emperor of China. There was a young lady, life size, that played tunes upon a spinet; another that wrote lines with the beauty of copper-plate; while surpassing all in ingenuity was the figure of a magician with a tiny wand in his hand. It was mounted upon a small movable frame, which could be wheeled about at the pleasure of a spectator, so that there was no place for a confederate to conceal himself. On putting into an orifice in the frame any of the numerous metallic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making you a bow, struck with his rod a little door which opened, and there was the answer printed on another card. The reply given was always appropriate to the question, and was not of a mere general character, like the answers on conversation cards. Thus, when asked, "Mr. Conjuror, are you not troubled with the inquiries of your numerous visitors?" the answer was: "I should be ungrateful to say so." Our next question was of an entirely different kind. It was, we being young: "What is is the sweetest passion in nature?" The conjuror bowed, knocked at the gate, and lo! appeared Cupid, with his bow and arrow! Sir David Brewster, who noticed this toy in his volume on "Nocturnal Magic," conjectures that the cards, though seemingly alike to the eye, differed in weight and passed the orifice we have named until they fell into the proper groove and touched a spring which moved forward the answer. The machinery employed must have, at all events, been of the most delicate order. Still these things were but the mere trifles of mechanical skill. What wonders have we since seen of pieces of machinery which, you might almost say, thought! With much interest we looked in the great exhibition of 1852 on the Jacquard loom, and ten years later, on the marvel of marvels, Babbage's calculating machine.

Life in the Polar Region.

It is impossible to form an idea of a tempest in the Polar seas. Their icebergs are like floating rocks whirled along a rapid current, The huge crystal mountains dash against each other, backward and forward, bursting with a roar like thunder, and returning to the charge until, losing their equilibrium, they tumble over in a cloud of spray, upheaving the ice-fields, which fall afterwards like the crack of a whip-lash on the boiling sea. The seagulls fly away screaming, and often a black, shining whale comes for an instant puffing to the surface. When the midnight sun grazes the horizon, the floating mountains and the rocks seem immersed in a wave of beautiful light. The cold is by no means so insupportable as is supposed. We passed from a heated cabin at 30° above zero to 47° below zero in the open air without inconvenience. A much higher degree of cold becomes, however, insufferable if there is a wind. At 15° below zero a steam, as if from a boiling kettle, rises from the water. At once frozen by the wind, it falls into a fine powder. This phenomenon is called sea-smoke. At forty degrees the snow and human bodies also smoke, which smoke at once changes into millions of tiny particles, like needles of ice, which fill the air and make a light continuous noise, like the rustle of stiff silk. At this temperature the trunks of trees burst with a loud report, the rocks break up, and the earth opens and vomits smoking water. Knives break in cutting butter. Cigars go out by contact with the ice on the beard. To talk is fatigueing. At night the eyelids are covered with a crust of ice which must be carefully removed before one can open them.

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